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Poetry.

THE ANEMONE CAVES.

BY ELLEN.

Hushed, deep, and quiet, lie the caves,
The cradles of the restless sea,
Barely by mortal gaze profaned,
The silent haunts of the anemone.
Dark close the rocks to shut them in,
The dashing waves their portals guard,
But tenderly and calm within,
The waters swell upon the emerald sward
They ripple o'er the silver sand,
They gurgle through each deep recess,
And change the coral on the rock
To living stars of anony liveliness.
Remembered e'en there, of heaven,
The choruses wear its azure hue;
With choral light of green and brown,
The far-off sunbeam falls, and sparkles through.
Like thoughts in dreams, the shadows pass,
Of fun and fancy in elixir glaze,
But Queen! all the bright things there,
Is still the starry-crowned anemone.

So exquisitely soft and fair,
Upon the rugged o' they lie,
And spread around their living fringe,
Like scales in their purity.

Some faintly touched with pearls light
The tinting of a baby's brow—
Some roses, rich and passionate,
Glowing with higher light than roses know,
Untroubled, peaceful and serene,
Untouched by wind or tempest's power,
They spread to life and happiness,
Or fold to rest, like buds at evening's hour.

O earth! why should thy loneliest place
Be thus with wondrous beauty rife;
There's not a rock or leaf but throbs
With sentient happiness, and love, and life
If not to utter o'er and o'er,
Thy witness to the faithful word,
Of Him whose hands have fashioned all,
Of life, and love, and joy, the only Lord.
If not to bid thy nobler race
Man, midst this turmoil, and this strife,
Seek endless life and happiness,
In Him who names himself, Eternal Life.

A TRIBUTE TO PERNY.

BY MRS. S. E. REED.

Let the hills of old Buckeye
Rejoice and be merry,
For she bears on her bosom
The statue of Pery.
A name made immortal,
Forgotten, O never,
It will live in the hearts
Of the grateful forever.
Let the eagle of freedom,
In majesty wave,
O'er the head of Erie,
The good and the brave.
Let his deeds be recorded,
As long as the sun,
Shall rise, or the earth
On its axis shall turn.
Now he peacefully sleeps,
In his low mossy bed,
Let all honor be paid
To the heroic dead.
No granite is needed,
To tell of his fame,
'Tis heard in the sound
Of his heroic name.
A nation in honor,
Have bowed at his shrine,
Which bears no defect,
Through the vestige of time.

Useful Hints.

How PORT WINE is Made.—When all the
grapes are in the wine-press, the first thing to be
done is to drag them well with wooden rakes, to
separate some of the stalks. Then, all the men
pick up their trousers and strike. In a few minutes
a tub of water was ostentatiously set by the side
of the press. I suspect, however, that this was
a concession to the prejudice of visitors, for it
did not go to the extent of actual ablution.
Nobody used the tub of water, all seeming to
have a supreme contempt for cleanliness. The
scene inside the press is very animated. Twenty
or thirty brown-faced, black-bearded tattered
demons, up to their knees in the purple juice,
smoke, sing, quarrel, dance and scream, half-mad
with excitement, for to them this is the crowning
event of the year. Every now and then they cry
for brandy, which the farmer furnishes. It is
the pure white spirit as it has run from the still,
and very strong. As it begins to take effect, the
singing becomes louder, and the dancing, which
within the press is the desired work, fast and fur-
rious. A general fight often ensues, in which the
long guns sometimes play their part. When all
the juice is trodden from the grapes, a plug is
drawn. The must runs through into a smaller
tank, whence it is carried in buckets to the tuns,
containing four or five casks each, there to fer-
ment.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

MAGIC MIRRORS.—When a person looks into
a mirror that is placed perpendicular to another,
his face will appear entirely deformed. If the
mirror be a little inclined, so as to make an angle
of 80°, he will then see all the parts of his face
except the nose and forehead. If it be inclined
to 60°, he will appear with three noses and six
eyes; in short, the apparent deformity will vary
at each degree of inclination; and when the glass
comes to 45°, the face will vanish. If, instead of
placing the two mirrors in this situation, they are
so disposed that the line of junction is vertical,
their different inclinations will produce other ef-
fects.

TO MAKE TOMATO CATSUP.—As the time is at
hand for enjoying this favorite sauce, the follow-
ing is a very good receipt for preparing it for a
future use: To a half bushel of skinned tomatoes,
add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of
salt, a quarter of a pound of black pepper, two
ounces of African cayenne, a quarter of a pound
of allspice, six onions, one ounce of cloves, and
two pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mass for
three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from
burning. When cool, strain it through a fine
sieve or coarse cloth, and bottle it for use. Many
persons omit the vinegar in this preparation.

Selected Tale.

A SOJOURN AT NEWPORT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Mother," said John Jones, (we shall call
our hero thus, though it was not his right-
ful name) to his wife, one morning, the
first of last June, while they were sitting
at the breakfast table—"Mother, I'm go-
ing to take a tower."

"A what?" queried his wife, setting down
the coffee urn and proceeding to help John
Jones Jr. and little Sallie Jones to hot muf-
fins. Bad things for children, by the way.

"I have got the hoeing all done; the
sheep are sheared and the oxen turned out
to pasture; and I mean to rest a week or
two and enjoy myself. It's a long spell
since I had a holiday and I'm bound to be
as big as Squire Morgan and his tribe."—
They go to Newport every summer and I'm
going too. The Squire's gone to Saratoga,
this time and it's a pity if Beauville can't
send one person to Newport. And I in-
tend to be that person."

"To Newport!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones,
"why, John, it's on the other side of the world
almost; it will cost a heap of money."

"That's nothing," said Mr. Jones, with
kindly indifference to the almighty dollar,
snapping his fingers at John Jr. "I've
never seen the sea, and I fancy the smell
of salt water will do me good. Sea air is
grand for giving anybody an appetite."
"Goodness me!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones—
"don't go, John. Your appetite is tre-
mendous now!"

"Keep your opinions to yourself!"
growled Mr. Jones—"I shall go! By
Moses and St. Anthony, I shall go!—it's
settled!"

"But won't you take me and the chil-
dren? poor things, they need the sea air.
I know Johnny is quite feeble, and Sallie
has a humor, you know."

"Attend to your own affairs, Martha.—
Home is a woman's province. I'm going
to Newport, and alone, too. By St. An-
thony it's settled!"

The reader will please understand that
St. Anthony was Mr. Jones' patron saint
and guardian angel. And when the name
of the worthy saint was called to witness,
the matter was settled. The following
week saw Mr. Jones en route for Newport,
with a black leather trunk and a red leather
valise, both marked with his name in full.

It was surprising to see the attention
which Mr. Jones received on the way.—
Everybody seemed determined on making
his journey an agreeable one. Mr. Jones
thought he had never seen pleasanter peo-
ple, and congratulated himself on the
choice of a car. He was of the opinion
that this was the car of the aristocracy.—
The portly conductor, after looking at the
cards on our friend's baggage, put on the
blandest smile and asked Mr. Jones what
he thought of the Presidential campaign;
gave him the morning Herald, and brought
up several distinguished-looking gentlemen
and introduced them to Mr. John Jones.—
Mr. Jones ascribed all this deference to
his prepossessing manners—to his person—
which he considered fine, and to his new
black coat and gilt buttons. He was es-
corted to his hotel by a large crowd; and
the landlord was taken aside by one of his
self-constituted friends, and immediately
the best room in the house was assigned to
Mr. Jones. Then a consequential gentle-
man, who introduced himself as the Hon-
orable Mr. Bell, invited Mr. Jones to an
oyster supper, and at the supper Jones
was plied with sherry cobblers and brandy
smashes so assiduously that the little wit
which he possessed was completely turned
over and he was unable to tell on which
end of his perpendicular his head rested.—
He tried to put his hat on his feet, and
exhibited a peculiar affection for every
lamp post which came in his way. But
his new friends assured him that it was all
right.

In his bed that night, Mr. Jones dreamed
that he was king of the fairies, and Mrs.
Jones was queen and she had for her pal-
ace the cup of a tiger lily. Her abode
must have been hardly convenient, we
would suppose, since she weighed no less
than one hundred and seventy-five and be-
lieved in extensive crinolines.

At breakfast, the attention of the waiters
was almost oppressive. Mr. Jones was
helped to every dish on the table, and his
opinion was solicited on every imaginable
subject, from the merits of a cup of cho-
colate to the paying out of the Atlantic ca-
ble.

During his morning walk, he was as-
sailed on all sides by troops of curious
gazers. People flocked to see him as they
would a white elephant. Ladies waved
their handkerchiefs and threw flowers from
their windows; gentlemen took off their
panamas and cried hurrah, and little chil-
dren stood on tiptoe to obtain a glimpse of
the attractive lion.

Mr. Jones was befogged. Even in his
vanity, which was considerable, and his
firm faith in the power of his new coat,
could not lead him to believe that all this

homage was rendered him on account of his
own personal merits. There must be some
cause which he did not understand; but
cause or no cause, it was decidedly pleas-
ant to be made so much of. Mr. Jones
was glad that he had come to Newport.—
At Beauville he was nothing but a farmer,
looked down upon by the Squire and store-
keeper—here, he was Lord Governor, if he
might judge from the respectful attention
which he received.

A prophet is not without honor in his
own country.

Mr. Jones repeated the proverb with a
new gusto. At night he retired to his
chamber with a confused realization that
he was somebody, or something very dis-
tinguished; and amidst congratulating
himself on his greatness, he fell asleep.—
He had not slumbered long, before he was
aroused by the tune of "Hail Columbia,"
which was being performed on some in-
strument beneath his window. The music
sounded astonishingly like that produced
by a hand organ and Mr. Jones despised
hand organs. He slipped out of bed,
opened the window that led out on the
balcony, and dashed the contents of his
washbowl and pitcher in the direction of
the sound.

Cries and hurrahs, long and loud smote
the air.

"There he is! There is the gallant
colonel. A speech! a speech!"

Mr. Jones, shivering in his short shirt,
and peaked night cap, was the target of
an hundred pair of eyes, for the court yard
was full of people.

"No retreat, Colonel! Never mind
your toilet," cried the multitude, a speech,
a speech!"

"A speech, goodness me!" ejaculated
Mr. Jones to himself—then in a louder
tone—"a speech, my friends? On what
shall I speak?"

"Anything. Go in, Colonel, we are list-
ening!"

Mr. Jones scratched his head. He
clearly realized the fact that for some rea-
son or other, the crowd below had a right
to expect a speech from him, but what that
was founded upon was more than he could
conjecture. Naturally he was an ac-
complished man and ready to oblige his
neighbors on all occasions when he could
do so without inconvenience to himself and
especially was he willing to do something
in return for the kindness he had received
during his stay at Newport. He cleared
his throat but the words failed to come.—
He ran over in his mind the declamations
which he had spouted forth in his boyish
days from the platform of the yellow school
house, but he could remember nothing save
the opening of Washington's first speech
before the Congress in 1789. He seized
upon the last chance and began—

"Fellow Citizens!—Among the vicis-
situdes incident to life, no event could have
filled me with greater anxieties than that
of which the notification was transmitted
by your order, and received on the 17th of
the present month. On the one hand, I
was summoned by my country—whose
voice I can hear but with veneration and
love, (loud applause and tossing up of hats)
from a retreat I had chosen with the fond-
est predilection, as the asylum of my de-
clining years." (Applause.)

Mr. Jones paused, and scratched his
head a second time, but no welcome idea
came in response. The remainder of the
speech had entirely flown from his recol-
lection. He made an effort, for he must
get out of the dilemma in some way—

"Gentlemen and fellow citizens, in con-
clusion, all I can say is, in the words of the
poet—

"Charge, Chester, charge!
On, Stanley, on!"

And for my part, I'm resolved to persevere
and at last meet you where—where
the odor of breakfast fills the ambient
air!"

A tremendous cheering from the audience,
and under cover of the warm enthusiasm
of his fellow citizens, Mr. Jones retreated
to bed, in a profuse perspiration.

The ensuing morning he was met by a
posse of young ladies—the tallest of whom
begged leave to present to him the col-
lared bouquet which she bore in her hand, as
a token of the esteem in which the pupils
of Madame Bray's seminary held Mr. John
Jones. And Mr. John Jones bowed politely,
and consigned the bouquet to a pitcher of
water in his chamber, mentally resolving
to carry it home to the darling children to-
gether with several rare articles which he
had purchased, as a souvenir of New-
port.

The days at Newport passed delightfully
to our hero. The ladies were charmed
with him, and the amounts he expended in
ice creams for the dear creatures would
have purchased the brown silk dress that
Mrs. Jones had been teasing for during
more than two years. But Mr. Jones had
a weakness for admiring other women
more than his wife; and his more particular
attentions were bestowed on a gay widow,
named Annabel Lancaster. He rode and
walked with Mrs. Lancaster, and the fair
widow was all smiles and complaisance.—
The possibility of Mr. Jones' being a Ben-
edictine, never entered the head of a single
individual in Newport.

A lady in the parlor to see Mr. Jones',
dead, dumb.

the servant, looking in at Jones
chamber door. Mr. Jones gave his cravat
a fresh tie, and descended to the parlor.—
A lady, coarsely attired, and three children
attired ditto, occupied the sofa.

"Well," began the women, this is pretty
work, isn't it? What do you think of
yourself, Jones?"

"Marm!" said Jones, in dignified amazement.

"What do you think of yourself?" re-
peated the woman, with a belligerent mo-
tion of the right arm—abandoning your
interesting family, and paying attention to
widows and other huzzies! Disgracing
your faithful wife, and blotting the charac-
ters of your beautiful children! I should
think you'd like to crawl into a knot hole
to hide your shame!"

"I—I—don't recognize you! You must
be mistaken in the person!" faltered Mr.
Jones, retreating towards the door, for the
woman's eyes glittered like live coals from
the dusky shadows of the blinded room.

"Humph! great likelihood you don't!
You're John Jones—my lawful husband,
and the father of these innocent children!
The parent of my children, sir!"

"The father of your children, marm!
I beg—"

"No; you needn't try to squirm out of
it! I've got the marriage certificate in my
pocket, and here are the children—
living witnesses! To think that you have
become so depraved as to deny your own
flesh and blood? Oh, Jones!" And she
applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"My dear Madam, I never saw you be-
fore in my life!"

"It's a lie! A bare-faced lie!" cried
the woman—"and if you don't take it back
I'll try the thickness of your pelt! See if
I don't!"

She drew forth a green hide whip from
the folds of her raglan, and flourished it
threateningly before Jones' eyes.

"By Moses and St. Anthony!" cried
Jones, "this is too much! I'll retreat!" and
he made his way out of the door—the
woman following close behind with the
ferocious weapon. Terror seized over
her heart for that avenging female gained
upon him astonishingly—he made tracks
for the wharf—she followed; a boat was
about starting, and he sprang on board, and
was borne away, leaving his
pursuer screaming on shore. His trunk
and valise were left behind, but he did not
regret them. Bitter sacrifice property
than life!

The next morning the following notice
appeared in the Newport Candlestick:—
"Abominable Fraud.—John Jones, an
obscure individual from Maine, has been
stopping at the Hotel, for the last
few days; and succeeded in passing him-
self off as Col. John Jones, the distin-
guished orator, and candidate for the Pres-
idency. He was treated with great dis-
tinction by our first citizens; an oyster
supper was given in his honor; a midnight
serenade, etc. Yesterday morning, a wo-
man professing to be his wife, called upon
him at his hotel, but he refused to recog-
nize her, and she attempted to cowhide
him, in which attempt she would probably
have succeeded, had he not made his es-
cape on the morning boat for Providence.
He left without paying his bill, of course,
and his baggage which remains in Landlord
Bray's possession, is hardly sufficient to
cover the debt. He richly deserves the
gallows!"

Mr. Jones reached home in safety, but
he has always refused to give Mrs. Jones
a succinct account of his sojourn at New-
port. She knows that the people there
mistook him for another John Jones, and
that the wife of another John Jones claimed
him for her husband—and that is the ex-
tent of his knowledge. It makes Jones
swear so to mention Newport in his hear-
ing, that Mrs. Jones bears the theme.

Fanny Fern comes to the conclusion in
the N. Y. Ledger, that a woman is better
without than with male relatives. "It,"
she says, "you have a husband that won't
support you, your father won't help you
because you are married, and your uncle
won't help you because you have got a
father and brothers, and your cousins won't
help you because you've got plenty of un-
cles, and nobody else will help you whom
husband, father, brothers, uncles and cou-
sins surround. Why should they? There
are plenty of women who have none of
these relatives and to them belongs the
sympathy and charity the world has to be-
stow." Sly Fan, what do you mean by
that last paragraph, wicked woman?

A celebrated comedian arranged with his
green-grocer, one Berry, to play quarterly;
but the green-grocer sent in his account
long before the quarter was done. The
comedian, in great wrath, called upon the
green-grocer, and, laboring under the im-
pression that his credit was doubted, said:
"I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you
have sent in your bill, Berry, before it is
due, Berry. Your father, the elder, Berry,
would not have been such a goose, Berry.
But you need not look black, Berry, for I
don't care a straw, Berry, and I shan't pay
you till Christmas, Berry."

To live quietly, one should be blind,
dead, dumb.

"Woe to the man who Creates a Sin!"

We do not know the author of this very
suggestive anathema, but he is evidently
a man who thinks, and has power to throw
his thinking into a strong and striking
form. Men are not really so sinful as
many good people think, because some
acts which are sinful in the eyes of men,
are no sins at all in the sight of God.—
There are many acts that pass for sins in
a Christian community that have been
created by men. God never meant them
to be sins, yet they often actually become
such, because men commit them, believing
they are doing wrong. Their convictions
have been trifled with. Their consciences
have become sophisticated. They have
been misled, wrongly educated, and taught
to believe that wrong which is not wrong.
There are multitudes who go through life
in bondage to false ideas of that which is
right and wrong in social life. Reason
breaks in upon their darkness and doubt
occasionally, but they dare not follow her.
They have been taught from childhood to
believe certain things to be wrong; and,
though they know they are not, they can-
not do them without wounding a con-
science that has been perverted by a sin
created by men. One of the most dis-
tressing and perplexing things that attend
a Christian in his social walk, is the ques-
tion what he may and may not do—a ques-
tion for which the sin manufacturer is en-
tirely responsible.

Take the matter of dancing, which ex-
cites so much horror in certain quarters.—
Who made dancing a sin? God never
did. The greatest and meanest humbug
ever practiced upon a Christian community
is the representation of dancing as a
sinful exercise. The whole public con-
science is misled on this matter. There
are many young men and women who
dance with the belief that they are doing
wrong. Their conscience has been per-
verted, and they sin against it, thus doing
themselves a double wrong. They do
really sin, because they believe dancing to
be a sin, and believing it, they dance.—
Every person who dances, believing he is
doing wrong, does himself a great and an
altogether unnecessary injury, while those
who doubt, injure themselves hardly less.
Now, the making that a sin which is no sin
—the putting a stumbling block in the way
of sensitive consciences—the institution of
the will of a sect, or a number of sects, as
a rule of life which takes rank with the
laws of God, is an act of usurpation that
may well call down the anathema, "Woe
to the man that creates a sin." It is out-
rageous that the young are brought up to
believe that this innocent exercise has an
ingredient of sin in it—that this most
beautiful and delightful recreation should
be accredited as the devil's favorite instru-
mentality for leading souls astray.

There has been a great deal of stupid-
ity manifested in the management of this
whole dancing question. A great ball is
a great nuisance. It keeps people out
late, it costs a great deal of money; it
brings too intimately together promiscuous
company; it is in all its effects a mode of
disipation and not of recreation. That
settles the question for balls, but it has no
more relation to the question of dancing,
than balloning has to the apostolic suc-
cession. Dancing in the family circle and in
the social circle, when in proper hours, is
right; and the man who says it is wrong
and believes it, simply shows what an ac-
cursed thing a sin created by man is.—
When dancing is carried on under such
circumstances that it is a minister of dis-
sipation, it becomes by its perversion
wrong; but when, among associates, it is
resorted to for exercise and recreation, it
is right. "Ah! but people will not stop."
That is not your business. You have no
right to say to the whole Christian world
that it must refrain from this beautiful
recreation because some people pervert it.
You have no right to create a sin, and to
make young minds believe, and young con-
sciences feel that to be sinful which you
know as a rational man, is not. You have
assumed a great responsibility in this mat-
ter. Are you willing to bear it?

We have brought up this matter of dan-
cing simply as an illustration of a general
truth. We might take the matter of card
playing. There are children who are bred
to the belief that it is sinful to touch a pack
of cards, as if cards were the invention of
the devil himself. Here is another sin
created by men. Boys will play cards with
the understanding that it is wrong, and
thus do themselves inestimable injury.—
Wasting time and gambling are always
wrong, of course; but because both are
sometimes carried on by the instrumen-
tality of cards, it does not follow that
card playing is sinful. The comfort that
some old people take at whist—people who
have got too far along for more active re-
creations—ought to make men ashamed of
this undiscriminating condemnation of
pasteboard. Cards are essentially the same
as chess, or draughts, or "twelve men morris,"
or dominoes. Our opinion is that they
furnish rather a thin entertainment for
young people, and a very stupid one for
older ones who have a load of care to car-
ry.

It is time for the Christian Church of
this country to emancipate itself from pas-
sions of Wall street? We pause for an
answer.—N. Y. paper.

lions, and from those old women of the
male sex who wear them "All things
are ours" to use; none of them is ours
to abuse. The notions of a few men who
assume the fearful perogative of creating
sins, do not constitute the law of Christian
liberty. Christianity cannot afford to pat-
ronize and sustain men who strive to make
its restraints irrational and its require-
ments ridiculous. It has been associated
to its great disadvantage altogether too
long with small and contemptible notions
of men who assume to make rules for it
and to speak for it. Can Christianity gain
anything by condemning, in terms, that
which the common sense of the world de-
clares to be good, or if not positively good,
had only when perverted and abused?—
The virtues which cannot engage in the
family dance or the social dance, in quiet
homes, without taint, must be rather a sus-
picious article. If the heart is right, there
is no trouble about its issues. It is the
girl already guilty that needs a cuenna.—
At any rate, a lie helps no good cause,
in the long run, and we know of no cause that
has suffered so much from the misrepresen-
tations and misinterpretations of its friends
as Christianity. Woe to the man who
creates a sin!—Springfield Republican.

For the Mercury.

NAVARRE.

BY A. SOTHEBY KINGSTON.

There were slaken banners waving, o'er the sunny
vales of France;
The morning's beams flashed back again from
burnished spear and lance.
Proud looks of exultation gleamed in every pas-
sing eye,
As the glorious martial music woke the echoes of
the sky.

They rode on, a gorgeous pageant, in the panoply
of war,
A host of gallant warriors, headed by the brave
Navarre.

There rode the brave, the valiant Conde, in all his
power and pride;
Montmorency, the dauntless, was passing by his
side.

And many a warrior gathered there, of old, illus-
trious name,
Whom long before had won a niche upon the
height of fame.

But he whose name above the rest shone like
some brilliant star,
Was the foremost of that band, the gallant, brave
Navarre.

—banners wave,
—the morning's beams flashed back again from
burnished spear and lance.

And he who led them there, against the hosts of
Spain,
In the hour of victory, upon the battle plain.

And as the remnant of that train, passed onward
from afar,
Tears fell from many eyes like rain, for the gallant
dead, Navarre.

Whistle your way through the World—
Soloman when he became used up, when
his running gear was given over to rheu-
matism and gout, said all all was vanity
and vexation of spirit. Soloman couldn't
whistle. If he could have pucker'd his
lips into a vent hole for a regular whistle
he never had felt so unconsolably blue as
to condemn the good things of this world as
vanity.

The man who can whistle and sing is
in snug boots. Let care, age, poverty and
a cart-load of ills overtake him, and if he
can whistle, he will whistle his way
through the darkest hours of his troubles
go on his course rejoicing and eventually
turn up a trump of the first water.

Folks who can whistle and do not, are
mean, avaricious and unhappy. Judas Is-
cariot was not a whistler. We'll venture
to assert that the owners of those death-
traps, the tenement houses up town, can't
whistle, and that no man ever heard them
attempt it. There is too much genial
outspoken goodness in a genuine whistler,
to suit the disposition of mean men. That's
so. If you are trading with a man, and he
whistles jovially over his business, he
won't cheat you. He can't do it. He
thinks too much of turning his tune to
lother about turning the tables upon you.
So, too, with the woman who goes about
her work singing. She makes her home a
paradise of good dinners cozy comfort and
white curtains. If she is vexed, she will
sing off the vexation. If she is possessed
of vanity, she will sing away all the worst
part of it and sing the other into a species
of lovable pride, and there will be no
squalling babies, or cross cats about the
house.

Singing men, too, are worth treble those
who go about their work morose and gloo-
ry and moodily, as if they were going to
bury their dearest friends. The "Yo-
heave oh" of the sailors, accomplishes as
much in hoisting the anchor, as their mus-
cles. There is a world of strength in that
same "Yo! heave, oh!"

The Albany Times, in referring to the
science of whistling, says:—"Whistling
it is a great institution. It oils the wheels
of care, and supplies the place of sun-
shine. A man who whistles has a good
heart under his shirt front." Such a man
not only works more willingly than any
other man, but works more constantly.

A whistling cobbler will earn as much
again as a cordonwainer who gives way to
low spirits and indignation. Who ever
heard a whistler among the sharp prac-
titioners of Wall street? We pause for an
answer.—N. Y. paper.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1776.

Richard Ward, son of Thomas, who
was born April 15th, 1689, was elected in
1744, General Recorder or Secretary for
the colony of Rhode Island, and from which
time the Ward family were almost con-
stantly in office up to the year 1797, a pe-
riod of 38 years.

The father and two sons held the place
in all, seventy-one years, and gave one
deputy Governor and two Governors to
the colony.

Samuel Ward, son of Richard and brother
to Henry, was deeply engaged in politi-
cal life—was the candidate for Governor
against Governor Hopkins, and was elected
Governor in the years 1762 and 65,
and afterwards a member of the first contin-
ental Congress and died at Philadelphia
as before related.

His son Samuel, who died on Long Is-
land, in the year 1832, left a number of
children, who

